"The same motives which you have to eliminate DANGEROUS publications should prompt you to exercise your zeal in the diffusion of SOUND literature."—Cardinal Gibbons.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

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The Church Helps Her People Before Death

INSTRUCTION XXXVIII.

(Continued from last week)

FATHER S. The Catholic Church has divine helps to benefit the soul from the cradle to the grave. It administers a sacrament to the babe soon after its birth, and after caring for her children all through life, it has a sacrament for them, often called the "last sacrament," when the doctor pronounces them dangerously sick. Do you know the name of this sacrament?

MR. J. Yes, Father: Extreme Unction.

FATHER S. Do you know how it is administered?

MR. J. I know the description which the Catechism gives, but I cannot well picture to myself the manner of its administration.

FATHER S. Well, the priest anoints the sick person with oil which is consecrated once a year for this sacrament by the bishop. The oil is applied in the form of a cross to his closed eyes, to his ears, nose, lips, hands and feet, whilst the anointing is accompanied by a prayer that God might forgive whatever sins might have been committed through these five senses.

MR. J. This like the other sacraments must have been instituted by Christ. Does the Bible make any reference to the practice of anointing the sick?

FATHER S. Yes. In the Epistle of St. James (V, 14, 15), we read: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him."

MR. J. I wonder why Christ chose *oil* for this sacrament?

FATHER S. Because Extreme Unction was to act spiritually as oil does materially: it strengthens and heals. The Good Samaritan poured oil on the wounds of the man who had fallen among robbers.

MR. J. If I understand its effects correctly, they are these: (1) Extreme Unction confers an increase of grace like other sacraments; (2) it even remits sins.

FATHER S. Yes; it does this for the soul, besides strengthening the sick person against temptations which assail the dying, and comforting him in his last illness. But it often assists greatly toward recovery. It is a preparation for death, if God wills that the person should die, and it hastens a restoration of health, if God be pleased to let the person recover. Every priest can relate numerous instances of immediate changes for the better in the condition of the sick after they received Extreme Unction.

MR. J. Therefore, when the priest is called to administer Extreme Unction, the Catholic does not conclude that he is surely to die?

FATHER S. Not at all, though some Catholics do surmise this, and their foolish relatives do not send for the priest until sure signs of impending death are evident.

MR. J. At what stage of one's sickness should Extreme Unction be given?

FATHER S. Just as soon as the doctor pronounces the sickness dangerous, even if he have hope of curing his patient.

MR. J. But only the dangerously sick may receive it?

FATHER S. Yes; only those who are in danger of death by illness or accident.

MR. J. How old must the person be?

FATHER S. Any one who is capable of sinning should receive it, since Extreme Unction completes the work of confession. Usually the sick, because of pain, or half-consciousness, are unable to make a complete confession; and Extreme Unction remits the sins which the sick person was unable to confess.

MR. J. Extreme Unction may be given only once to the same person?

FATHER S. Only once in the same sickness; but should the person recover and later be stricken again with a different or the same ailment, Extreme Unction may be given again.

MR. J. Has the Church any other help for the dying?

FATHER S. Yes; the Church empowers the priest to impart a Plenary Indulgence by what she calls a "last blessing," but this is not effective if the person should recover. After receiving this blessing the dying person kisses the crucifix and pronounces verbally, if possible, or at least in his heart, the name "Jesus."

MR. J. I presume that certain things must be prepared for Extreme Unction in the room of the sick person?

FATHER S. Yes. There should be a stand or table near the foot of the bed, covered with a clean cloth, and on the table a lighted candle, crucifix, holy water, cotton, and a little salt or piece of bread.

MR. J. What is the bread or salt for?

FATHER S. The priest cleanses his thumb from the holy oil by means of this, after which the bread or cotton is burned.

MR. J. Is Extreme Unction preceded by Holy Communion?

FATHER S. Yes, though not always immediately. We might confer Extreme Unction in the afternoon or evening, and bring Holy Communion the next morning.

MR. J. What preparation is made at the home when Holy Communion is to be brought to the sick?

FATHER S. The table is prepared in the same manner as for Extreme Unction, with this exception: no cotton nor bread is needed; but there should be a glass of water and a spoon; moreover, a napkin is placed under the chin of the sick person.

Catholic and Scientific Research

The accusation most frequently made against the Catholic Church by the intellectual world is that she is opposed to scientific research. This is very difficult to understand. As a matter of plain fact, much of what is best and most progressive in modern science was begun by her adherents. The pioneers of electricity were fervent Catholics. One of them was an enthusiastic member of the Third Order of St. Francis. Volta, Galvani, Ampere, Foucault. What names are more honored than these in the annals of the development of this greatest of the modern sciences?

Medicine and Physiology: Discoveries in these departments have kept the world in a state of constant wonderment. Pasteur, the father of Bacteriology and the practical originator of preventive treatment, was a fervent believer. A high percentage of the research workers who have made the admirable perfection of present-day surgery possible of attainment, were and are Catholics.

The most definite and useful law of the new science of Biology is named after the monk who discovered it. The law of heredity is called Mendel's law, after Abbot Mendel. The most respected Biologic investigator in Europe today is the Jesuit, Father Wassman.

The University of Louvain has the foremost school of experimental Psychology in Belgium. It was established by Cardinal Mercier.

The first authority on the subject of Pacific Ocean Typhoons is the Jesuit Father Algue. He is at the head of the observatory of Manila.

One of the few scientists of America who can boast of a recognition by the Royal Astronomical Society of England, is the director of the observatory of Creighton University of Omaha, Father Rigge, S. J.

The Catholic Church is not opposed to science. On the contrary, she encourages it and supports it. Because every truth better understood or newly discovered adds to the knowledge of the Creator of heaven and earth, wonderful and adorable in all His works.

WM. A. HENNY.

You who are in doubt as to a decision to reach, an advice to give, an initiative to take, a duty to know, go to Jesus. He will enlighten, console and cure you.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

O dear, dear feast! we have watched thy coming
Thro' the long, glad days of this golden June,
While the birds sang clear, and the bees were humming
Over the flower beds, morn and noon.
From the sun-rise glow till the stars were burning,
Like glittering lamps in the summer skies,—
Our hearts in the great Heart ever turning,
Longed for Its festa with prayers and sighs.

What tho' the spirit be steeped in sorrow?
What tho' the soul be heavy with sin?
Today, if we call, He will hear; tomorrow,
His Heart may be closed, would we enter in.
Swift from the fetters of hell He frees us,
Washing us white as the snowiest fleece;
Deep in the glorious Heart of our Jesus,
Grief is forgotten, and all is peace!

Good Advice for Many Cities and Towns

The Guardians of Bigotry and Menace workers will keep some distance from Huron, S. Dakota. One of their number thought he would find a sufficient number of easy marks there to make an anti-Catholic lecture pay, but he was mistaken, as the following letter and poem will show. We commend the poem, written by a Protestant, to our non-Catholic brethren throughout the land. We are aware that the author expresses the sentiments of nine-tenths of American citizens, but the one-tenth is slow to recognize this, since it is made up of the noisy element. A few disturbers in every place can attract so much attention, that their strength is overestimated.

Huron, So. Dak., May 17, 1913.

Rev. Dear Father:

This city was threatened with an invasion of bigots some few weeks ago. But thanks to the good citizens who refused a location for the necessary tent, and to the non-Catholic clergy—men who frowned upon the vile thing, the calamity was averted. An estimable non-Catholic, a magistrate and a scholar, to show his displeasure at the attempt, published the enclosed poetic effusion in the local morning paper, and with his consent I had printed 100 copies for future use. It would, I think, be well to have the verses published in the "Sunday Visitor," so that should any parish be visited by such slanderers, it may be shown what Huron thinks of such.

Disgust for villainous lying is getting to be very general and the pay of the calumniator is becoming beautifully small. The "Sunday Visitor" is doing herculean work in this matter. God speed it, and God bless its devoted editor.

Very sincerely yours,

D. F. DESMOND.

NEIGHBORS.

By H. A. Van Dalsem.

Why is it when everything's quiet
And peace is abroad in the land,
Some fool with a passion for ranting
Steps out with a club in his hand,

And using the cloak of religion
Endeavors to stir up a row
That nothing in Hell or in Heaven
Can either excuse or allow?

Time was that the lovers of Jesus
Would prove it by slaughtering Jews,
And Gentiles were rated unworthy
To loosen Mohammedan shoes,

And later sectarian battles
Embittered the rest of the kin,
And set them to showing that Christians
Are savages under the skin;

And tho' they all sought the same Heaven
And worship and love the same Lord,
Each swore that he only was righteous
And doomed all the rest to the sword.

But time has made mellow and tender
The bigot's unmerciful creed,
And shown that the words of the Master
To kindness and sympathy lead.

For years we have neighbored each other
In harmony, faith and content,
And friends have taught us to cherish
The peace the good angels have sent.

But now, thro' the calm of our councils,
A blustering trumpet is blown,
And somebody's out with a mission
To shield the omnipotent throne.

A shouter of dole and disaster,
Who seems to belong to the time
When Salem was burning her witches
And serving Jehovah by crime,

He tells us the friends we have honored
And trusted for many a day,
Are traitors to us and the nation
And live to deceive and betray.

And this, tho' their fathers beside us
Have fought for our flag as their own,
And sealed with blood a devotion
As loyal as ever was known;

And many a noble commander,
Whose death was America's loss,
Enshrined in eternal remembrance
Sleeps under the Catholic cross.

Their mothers have brooded our sorrows
And whispered of hope and good cheer;
Their sisters and brothers have shown us
How love shuts the door upon fear.

And now, to be summoned to battle
And nail the black flag to the mast,
Because a sectarian buzzard
Would feast when the fighting is past;

To measure a citizen's honor
By way of the church he attends,
And give to a wandering faker
The right to say who shall be friends;

Is more of a tyrant dictation
Than liberty's children will bear,
Who know when their fences are broken
And when to attend the repair.

Wherefore we refuse to be baited
By demagogues loose in the lip,
And like the old English crusaders
Go hunting for people to whip.

We'll tarry until we are smitten
Because, should you wish to inquire,
No fireman will turn on the water
Before he is sure there is fire.

And further, because it is proven
By every example of worth,
The church with chip on its shoulder
Had better get off of the earth.

Vice Commissioner of New York Reports Concerning Causes of Girls' Downfall

"In close co-operation are the places which cater to vice. This group includes saloons, concert halls, cabaret shows, dance halls, burlesque theatres, amusement parks and excursion boats.

DANCE HALLS ARE SCORED.

"The public dance hall justified the worst that has been said of it. Of seventy-five dances reported on, only five were characterized by the investigators as 'decent.' Young girls and young men attend the gatherings in search of amusement and change.

"Many are innocent working girls, who seek legitimate recreation. The sinister element in attendance is the hired cadets, who attend with the cold-blooded purpose of finding new subjects for exploitation for gain. These agents of commercialized vice are usually well-dressed, well-mannered and introduce themselves politely and easily to strangers."

Gibraltar is the smallest British possession, and measures less than two square miles. Canada is the largest, with nearly four million square miles.

The Pillar and Support of Society

(By Rev. Jos. W. Printen, C. SS. R.)

(Concluded from last week.)

THE ANGEL OF CHARITY.

Where the priesthood builds an altar for its sacrifice, there charity fixes its abode; where the Savior of the world tarries, there gather also those who labor and are heavy laden, to receive consolation. At the foot of the altar, upon which the priest offers the Mystery of love, flows the inexhaustible fountain of heroic, self-sacrificing love, such as antiquity could not even dream. What the Catholic priesthood has accomplished in the field of Christian charity, has been recorded in many volumes; and if books could not testify, the very stones would speak: the stones of a mountain-hospice, of hospitals, of leper-homes, of asylums for every ill that human nature is heir to. The institutions of our own day and country, founded for the uplifting and betterment of mankind: News-boys homes in Chicago and St. Louis, the great home for boys in New York, Father Dempsey's Hotel in St. Louis, institutions for the deaf-mutes, homes for destitute and abandoned girls and women. These and many other works of Christian charity were begun by the priest alone or by his encouragement, help and direction. Where is the last refuge for the poor? Who, in emergency, will beg even for the beggar? The priest of the Catholic Church. Have you ever counted the portions of bread and soup, distributed, day after day, year after year, at the gates of the convent; distributed even to those who, later on, fling their contemptible scorn and mockery at the "popish" monk and priest?

When the remains of the Turin priest, Don Bosco, were borne to their last resting place, about 20,000 men, bishops, priests, laborers, and people of every state of life, followed the coffin to the cemetery. What great deed did this noble man perform? He took up the care of abandoned boys. In fifty years he had begged $0,000,000 lire, about $15,200,000; and at his death he left 152 houses with 130,000 pupils, who were brought up as thorough artisans, and who would otherwise have become a fearful scourge to society. No other rank or state of life has rendered such inestimable service in Christian charity as the Catholic priesthood.

Oftentimes we hear people say that the Catholic priests are devoid of patriotism. But I ask him: Who is it that places love of country upon an unwavering basis, upon the basis of holy religion? Who is it that inculcates in the young in school, and the adult from the pulpit, the love of country and of president, equally with the love of father and mother, with fidelity to God and the Church? The Catholic priest.

THE MOST POWERFUL TRIBUNAL

To the priesthood is given not only the task of promulgating the eternal laws, but also the authority to demand obedience even from those in the highest places. The sanction which the priesthood possesses for the maintenance of these laws, is confession and penance, the essential requisites for reconciliation and remission of sins. Confession of sins, atonement for evil, forgiveness of all injuries, the solemn promise to make the divine laws of justice and love the guide of our actions, all this the priesthood demands of every one, and upon its fulfillment depends eternal life. In the tribunal of penance every lawful ambition is hunted down to its most secret lairs, and selfishness must surrender to the laws of justice and charity.

In view of this great means, I ask: what other institution affords such a pledge for the fulfillment of all social duties, as does confession to the Catholic priest, representing God? Where is that terrible sin so combated, which like a ravaging cancer is gnawing at the very marrow of society: where is fidelity in marriage, the source of life and of national welfare so safeguarded, where property and possessions so well protected, duties of parents and of children so strongly advocated, as here in confession? Where are the poverty-stricken consoled, where is want and misery relieved, so that resignation supplants despair; where are the rich so ardently exhorted to practice charity; the high, humility; the strong, meekness? It is in the confessional. How many have gone from it regenerated in the waters of grace, purified, and so deeply affected, that they have put aside all injustice, all evil inclinations. Where is there a tribunal, wielding such mighty influence, that it judges the hidden deed, and guides consciences with such power? The object of worldly tribunals, is to punish evil; but the priest in the tribunal of penance is sent to forestall all the evil, and thus render punishment unnecessary.

Thus the priest, a true benefactor of men, goes about in secret and without display, dispensing blessings to society. Who among us has not experienced the effect of this mighty power for good in the confessional? And what the confessional has been for us, that too, it has been for thousands, for the whole Christian world. Thousands would never have come to the knowledge of their wrongfulness without the instruction of the priest in confession; they would never have returned to their senses without the threatening word of the priest. In this way the priest is a second Christ, and like his Master and Model, goes about doing good.

Who will dare say: The Catholic priesthood has done nothing for the social and moral welfare of nations? I presume, my dear reader, that you are not an enemy of the priesthood, but perhaps you may chance upon someone who hates and reviles the priest. Tell him what you have read: that the Catholic priesthood constitutes the strongest pillar and support upon which the structure of civil society rests. Tell these haters of priests that the priest, according to God's own will, is the teacher of true faith, the guardian of good morals, the advocate of justice and order. Priests are not the enemies but the most faithful friends, in fact, the greatest benefactors of men. Tell them that for you, the priesthood is something sacred and revered, and if they will not honor the priest as you do, they should at least give evidence of their sense of truth and justice by refraining from calumniating and insulting the Catholic priesthood.

JOS. W. PRINTEN, C. SS. R.

Jones in Conversation With His Pastor

By Rev. L. F. S.

(Continued from last week.)

PASTOR:—"Now, Mr. Jones, pay especial attention to what I have to say; a great deal depends on it. The Holy Father has told us plainly and expressly that every Catholic, who has come to the use of reason, is welcome at the communion-railing every morning, and that no one has a right to tell him that he is not worthy enough, if he be free from mortal sin and come with a good intention. Did you understand these few and most important words?"

JONES:—"Well, that is easily understood. But how is it possible that now all at once we hear such talk, when formerly we were told again and again: You are not worthy enough. First show that you are practicing virtue, etc.?"

PASTOR:—"Well, my dear Mr. Jones, I must confess that many priests did discourage very frequent communion by emphasizing the unworthiness of man to receive at all. The consequence was that we were on the verge of endorsing a heresy. This kind of heresy, which is called Jansenism, the Church must prevent and it is constantly rooted out by the promulgation of the daily and early Communion decrees."

JONES:—"It would follow then that one does not have to be a religious in order to lead a holy life. I could become a saint also as a business man."

PASTOR:—"I hope you never doubted this before. We do not all of us have a vocation for a religious life; but all have the call for a holy life. But what has that to do with daily Communion?"

JONES:—"Very much, I think. It seems to me, that a daily communicant is leading a holy life, else he would not be so pious as to go to Communion every morning."

PASTOR:—"You are right and still not altogether so. Holy Communion is a food, which preserves us from spiritual sickness, and it is a medicine, which cures us from spiritual disease. According to the Jansenistic heresy, Holy Communion is a reward for a good life. Hence frequent or daily Communion was given only to such, who distinguished themselves through their virtues. But Mother Church teaches us that Communion is an antidote to sin, it preserves us from sin, and takes venial sins from us. Therefore daily Communion produces holiness in us, by cleansing us more and more from sin and by preventing frequent lapses into sin."

JONES:—"Well, I thought that only

(Continued on Page Two)

Children's School and Playground

Learn the Answers to the Questions which follow; also learn the meaning of terms frequently used in connection with our religion:

What is an Indulgence?

What is meant by Temporal Punishment due to sin?

Do you know of any instance in the Bible where God sent such temporal punishment even after He had forgiven the ones who sinned?

What is a Plenary Indulgence? Partial?

What must be the person's condition of soul and disposition to gain an Indulgence?

Chasuble—The outer and chief vestment worn by the priest at Mass, with a cross upon it.

Childhood, Society of the Holy—For the redemption of pagan children; founded by Mgr. de Forbin-Janson and Mlle. Jaricot in 1842. Members, who must be under twenty-one, give one cent every month, and these alms support numerous orphanages in the far East, and rescue abandoned Chinese babies.

Choir—From the Latin *chorus*, the singers at the Divine offices; from their usual place, the space between the altar and the nave came to be called the choir.

Christ—Word meaning "anointed," a name of our Lord.

Christian—A follower of Christ (Acts xi. 26.)

My Dear Children:—The month of June is dedicated to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and you must try to foster a most ardent devotion to the real, living Heart of Jesus, the Heart that loved and suffered, that had such a part in the operations of the Master's life. It is *His Heart of flesh* that recalls the great affection He bore us and from loving and venerating this Heart as such we derive a clearer comprehension of the virtues and sentiments It represents and, in turn, are prompted to love the infinitely loving and lovable Jesus only the more. This devotion reminds us of the fact that His love is rejected, despised and ignored; it reminds us that we ourselves are guilty of indifference and coldness toward our loving Savior, hence its aim is to love Jesus Who has so loved us, to return love for love. The Communion of reparation, in atonement for the outrages He suffers in the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Love, is one of its principal acts, as it manifests our compassion for Jesus suffering. Veneration of the Sacred Heart probably originated from the sympathetic regard the faithful ever had for our Savior's *wound in the side*. We have traces of it in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Bonaventure, St. Mechtilde (1298) and St. Gertrude composed many beautiful prayers in honor of the Sacred Heart. St. Gertrude, on the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, had a vision and thought she was allowed to rest her head near the wound in the Savior's side so that she heard the beating of the Divine Heart and asked John if, on the night of the Last Supper, he too had felt these delightful pulsations, and if so, why he had never spoken of the fact. John replied that this revelation would be made later to rekindle the love of the world which had grown cold. The Franciscans, Dominicans, Benedictines and Carthusians did much to spread this devotion in the subsequent centuries. It was to Margaret Mary Alacoque (1647-90) a Visitandine nun in the Monastery at Paray-le-Monial, that Christ revealed His desire to have the devotion to His Sacred Heart propagated. In His frequent apparitions to her He requested that His *Heart of flesh* be honored; that Holy Communion be received by His devotees on the first Friday of the month and that the Holy Hour be observed. In 1675, during the Octave of Corpus Christi, probably June 16th, He said to her: "Behold the Heart that so loved men ..... instead of gratitude I receive from the greater part of mankind only ingratitude," and asked her to consult Father de La Colombiere, superior of the Jesuit House at Paray and work with him to the end of having a *feast of reparation* instituted on the *Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi*.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart was first granted to the Visitandine nuns in 1698, after the death of both Margaret Mary and Father Colombiere. In 1765, at the earnest request of the French queen and episcopate, who had in vain asked for the favor several times before, it was approved of for the whole kingdom, and in 1856 Pius IX extended the Feast to the universal Church. Pope Leo XIII, on June 11th, 1899, by what he himself calls "the great act of his pontificate," solemnly consecrated all mankind to the Sacred Heart.

The following is the form of consecration prescribed by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, which was issued with his Encyclical letter May 25, 1899:

"Most Sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us, humbly prostrate before Thy altar. We are thine and Thine we wish to be; but to be more surely united with Thee, behold each one of us freely consecrates himself today to Thy Most Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee: grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbor of truth and unity of faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King also of all those who sit in the ancient superstition of the Gentiles, and refuse not Thou to deliver them out of darkness into the light and kingdom of God. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to It be glory and honor forever. *Amen.*"

JUDGED BY HIS CLOTHES.

"My father's older than your father."

"No, he ain't, neither. My father's forty."

"No, he ain't, neither. He's nothin' but a boy."

"He ain't, neither."

"He is. I saw him playing tennis in short pants—so."

A WORD TO BOYS ON MAKING NOISE.

Of course you must make it. Certainly you ought to make a great deal. Who would wish "a soaring, human boy" to creep about on tiptoe, and talk under his breath? I, for one, would not give "tuppence" for a boy who could not shout loud enough to make me tremble lest the roof should fall.

But are there not occasions when, if unselfish, a boy would take thought for others? Suppose a headache is going on in the next room, might one not remember that heavy boots squeak and clatter, and that a loud voice makes pain unbearable? When there is illness in the house "the word for your guidance is mum, mum, mum!"

There are boys whose lot is cast in a boarding-house; one of the drawbacks to which is that courtesy makes it but fair to the other boarders that each person should go through the halls and down the stairs less like a whirlwind than some of us would like.

And how about one's conduct during school hours? Probably the head master will take care of himself and of you when in the school-room. But how about the class-room where a young woman teaches? Very often she is new at the business. Possibly she does not know everything about boys. You may have seen such a teacher.

Now any one with half a brain, even an idiot, has wit enough to see how he may disturb that new teacher. It is absurdly easy to scrape one's feet on the floor. It takes but little skill to cluck in one's throat so deftly that it is hard to tell where the noise comes from. To talk half aloud to the next boy is neither witty nor wise. If you were to meet your teacher on the street you would take off your hat in a twinkling. You would step out into the mud if the sidewalk were too narrow for two. Why should you lay aside your chivalrous courtesy because she happens to teach you geometry or Latin? You would deal sharply with any lad who undertook to annoy your mother or your sister. How, then, does it happen that you yourself worry a lady with unseemly noise, as if you were a boor and not a gentleman?

What of noise in a public assembly? Can anything be more ill-bred than to giggle and whisper when the business of the evening is to hear music or a lecture? It is by no means boys alone, nor girls either, for that matter, who sometimes disturb others in this fashion.

I remember a whole audience being once so annoyed by a number of persons laughing and talking while a play was going on, that a general burst of hissing made the displeasure known. Don't you think those chattering individuals must have wished the ground would open and swallow them? And the mortification served them right.

And if it is rude to thoughtlessly make a noise in a public hall, how much worse is it when the building is a church? And yet there are young folks who, coming into a pew, a party of them together, behave so irreverently, that one almost thinks them a parcel of—no, we won't insult the heathen, who, at least, bow before their idols' shrines awe-stricken.

Take the firm resolution to go to Communion as often as you can, to approach as frequently as possible the Eucharistic Table, the only one in the world to which one does not sit, but where one kneels with downcast eyes, joined hands and a heart beating with love for the heavenly food which is served to him.

PICNICS.

Almost any boy or girl can tell you what a picnic is like, but I wonder how many know why it is so called, or that the custom is said to date only from 1802.

Then, as now, when such an entertainment was being arranged for, it was customary that those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. Originally the plan was to draw up a list of what was necessary, which is an excellent one to follow, for often, when there has been no previous agreement, it is discovered, when too late, that there is too much of one kind of food and not enough of another.

The list was passed round, and each person *picked* out the article of food or drink he or she was willing to furnish, and the name of the article was then *nicked* off the list. So it was from these two words, *picked* and *nicked*, that this form of out-of-door entertainment first became known as a "pick-and-nick," and then as a picnic, the old-fashioned name for the basket parties of today.

SAVING IT FOR DESSERT.

"Give me a kiss, Tot," said her papa, as he seated himself by her side at the table.

"It isn't time for dessert," replied the little miss, pouting out her lips, which indeed looked as tempting as strawberries.

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Miscellaneous

Ave Maria! Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer:
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
—*Sir Walter Scott*
(non-Catholic).

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Prov. xxii.* 6.

You who groan under the weight of your spiritual infirmities, of your reiterated falls, of a lukewarmness which paralyzes you; you who are the slaves of sinful habits, go to Jesus, if you have recovered the state of grace and wish to do better. He will heal you, close up your wounds, put balm on your sores, strengthen you, and break your fetters and the ties of your bondage.

DIVORCE AND EDUCATION.

(Judge Gimmel of the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations.)

"Children should be taught in the schools to hold their tempers, to curb their vicious practices. The Catholic schools are far superior to the public schools, because they teach the young the principles of honor, morals and industry. It isn't the lack of education that makes criminals, nor too much education, it is the neglect of the teaching of morals in the public schools.'"

Judge Gimmell is no theorist. He talks of matters he deals with every day. What he says ought to sink deep in the hearts of our educational forces. People who are crying against the institution of divorce would better turn their attention to the children, bring them up right, and we will have fewer divorces.

The judge's tribute to the Catholic schools should be noticed. If what he says is true we had better hire a few Sisters for our public schools. It would be well to take a few instructions in pedagogy from that quarter.—*Ohio State Journal.*

By you, O Mary, Mother of God, the tempter is driven off, idolatry destroyed, the faithful baptized and anointed with the oil of gladness, churches are founded, and nations drawn to repentance.—*St. Cyril of Alexandria.*

BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

We may bear false witness against a neighbor by merely listening to gossip. There is a silence which is treacherous, as well as a speech. And this for two reasons. First, it is not only on listeners that gossip-mongers thrive. Their very meat and drink are found in the interest aroused, the sensation produced. Every silent listener gives them encouragement, and so helps to perpetuate the evil. Even if we ourselves say nothing, therefore, we may be fostering false witness.

Moreover, there is a silence which signifies agreement. When a rumor detrimental to a neighbor is repeated in our presence, the first necessity is that it should be challenged. If the evidence of its truth is irresistible, the gratuitous unkindness of its repetition should be challenged. If, as in nine cases out of ten, it is a rumor based on utterly inadequate evidence, the rumor itself should be challenged. Should we be present without protesting, our very silence may be interpreted as agreement, and will thus add to the impulse which sends the rumor on to the next stage of its insidious history. We cannot excuse ourselves by the plea that "we said nothing." This plea becomes our own condemnation. We may lie by our silence as effectively as by our words. There is a righteous law which forbids not only stealing, but also the receiving of stolen goods. The principle is valid also in a realm higher than that of the law of the land. Most of all is it binding upon those who bear the name of Christ. Innocent ourselves of thieving away the reputation of others, we must keep ourselves free from dealing in the matter with those who practice theft. We, of all men, must be like Tennyson's ideal knight, "who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it."

To the question, "Why are there all these disputes about religion when we all worship one God?" the Missionary Gazette gives the following reply, the first portion of which deals with the assumed fact in the query:

"It is not quite clear that we *do* all worship one God. Of course there is only one God in existence, but we have not all the same idea of what He is. Unitarians, Modernists, and followers of the New Theology, members of the "Theistic Church," and Christian Scientists, not to mention other denominations, differ fundamentally both from Catholics and from one another on this point. But to worship a god who differs fundamentally from the true God is really to worship an idol,—there is nothing to choose between misrepresentation of God in wood or stone and a misrepresentation of Him in thought; and, though all the different ideas of God might conceivably be false, it is quite certain that not more than one of them can be true."

Having cleared the way by the foregoing explanation, the Gazette replies to the main question:

"The Catholic Church, by means of a revelation given by Himself, knows what God is, how He acts in this world, and what He requires from us; she is, therefore, bound to regard all other conceptions of God as false, and derogatory to the Divine Majesty, as a caricature is derogatory to the person it misrepresents. It is probably true that not all followers of false religions are to blame for their errors; but the errors are none the less to be condemned and avoided. In any case, God has revealed not only what He is, but also how He desires to be worshipped. It is, therefore, manifestly wrong to worship Him in any other way; and it is the obvious duty of those who know God's will to communicate their knowledge to others."

THE INNOCENTS' REPAST.

Each day they come and kneel,
Mother and child,
Mute in the Presence Real,
Sweet, undefiled.
Whence are these joys that beam,
Brighter than sun-laved stream;
Into their eyes 'twould seem
Angels had smiled.

Ah, shall we ever guess
Even a part
Of the great gifts that bless
The pure of heart?
They who have tasted say
God's love has found a way
Joys of Eternal Day
Here to impart.

Ah, mother, wouldst thou see
In thy child's face
Dreams of Eternity
Pouring their grace?
Give to thy taintless brood
Jesus, their daily Food;
They shall continue good
In His embrace.
—*William J. Young, S. J.*

He lives who dies to win a lasting name.—*Drummond.*

THE POWER OF AN ACT OF LOVE.

Have you ever reflected upon this?

Let us consider the exact words that describe it:

"I love Thee with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength, because Thou art so good, so infinitely good."

Try and repeat these words slowly, so that each may penetrate deep into your heart. Do you not feel moved, as if your whole being in these words went forth to God, offering Him life itself?

Do you not feel in making this Act of Love you give far more than if you gave your wealth, influence, or time; nay, rather does this very act seem to bring you riches, strength, opportunity, all that you possess?

Picture to yourself, standing before you a child—a child perhaps who may have injured you deeply, and yet whose sincerity at this moment you cannot doubt, who is actuated neither by fear nor self-seeking, but simply by a penitent heart, and who comes to say to you words of love, such as those above, do you feel not emotion, no feeling of pity?

I defy you to be without some emotion, not to feel your arms extending, perhaps in spite of you, to embrace this poor child, and not to answer: "I also love thee."

I have yet another test to put to you, poor, desolate, guilty, hopeless as you are, seeing only within and around you, fears, terrors, and—ay, let me say it—damnation.

I defy you to kneel and say these words (laying a greater stress on them because of the repugnance you feel): "My God! I love Thee with all my strength, with all my soul, above everything, because Thou art so good!" and then not to feel that Jesus is moved with compassion, and not to hear His voice saying to you: "My child, I love thee also!"—*Selected.*

A clergyman in Salem has been writing to the New England papers declaring that the Saturday night dance is the greatest menace of the times, ruining young lives, breaking up homes, leading boys and girl who ought to develop into good citizens into paths of wrongdoing. The Andover "Townsman" says that we, the elders, are to blame and it bids us look into our own lives, and fairly face the question whether we are taking the pains we ought to take to make the home a more desirable place than the dance hall or the pool room.

"My days among the dead are pass'd,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

You who are depressed, discouraged and hopeless, go to Jesus. He will raise and cheer you up, and give you back the confidence and trust you have lost.

"Are ye much hurted, Tim?" inquired a friend. "Do you want a dochter?"

"A dochter, ye know nothin'. After bein' runned over be a throlley car? Phwat Oi want is a lawyer!"

When praying to Mary we are praying to her Son, Who never refuses her slightest wish.

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St. John.

By Will W. Whalen.

Chapter I.

She sat by the open window; looking out at the blossoming peach-tree with its wealth of pink beauty; at the children playing near the fence with some oyster shells and gravel stones; at the dog lying lazily in the sun, with his sleepy eyes blinking at the children, and sluggishly wagging his tail whenever one of them stopped to stroke his shaggy coat; at the restless pony tethered to the rugged old oak beside the road; at the careless youth who sat bareheaded on the rustic bench beneath the spreading branches, and fanned himself with his straw hat.

All these Dora Hunter saw from the window, but the anxious expression and melancholy frown did not for an instant leave her face.

The sun was bright, warm, and cheerful; but scarcely a ray of his beams stole into the tidy parlor where Dora was seated. Even he seemed to sympathize with her in her affliction, and knowing the futility of trying to comfort her, seemed to avoid the two windows of the parlor. In the cool solitude of the tiny room, Dora prayed fervently, desperately:

"Mary, Mother of God, intercede for me in this bitter hour! O Mary, obtain strength for me! Queen of Heaven, I beg of you to help me!"

Poor Dora! hers was indeed a hard trial. Other women before her had been tried as gold in the same furnace, and had failed to stand the test. She was but eighteen and was in love—in love with a non-Catholic!

Three months before, Austin Kemery had returned from college to his home at Pinewood. His father owned the Pine Down-Quilt Mills, and had enough gold to pave his entire garden with if he would—so hearsay averred; nor was the garden a small one. The Kemerys had their summer villa at Pinewood; a beautiful old villa, with a lake near the house and numberless vine-covered arbors.

The mill stood about one-third of a mile from Pinewood, and thither one afternoon, when he found time hanging on his hands, Austin Kemery took his way.

It was there that Dora Hunter and he first saw each other. She was carrying a roll of wadding in her arms, and hurrying along when she almost stumbled over him. She raised a pair of startled eyes to his face, as she stammered out an apology. His eyes met hers, and the mischief was done. Austin Kemery, son of the wealthy mill owner, was in love with Dora Hunter, the mill girl, and Dora Hunter had given her heart to him without being asked for it. Then came the courtship.

Old Kemery, who idolized his son, laughed when Austin told him that he loved Dora Hunter. Mr. Kemery had not always been so rich. He had begun life as a banking clerk, but fortune singled him out and showered her golden gifts upon him. He was not so displeased at Austin's attachment as one might expect him to be. He believed that if a man loves a woman, be she queen or flower girl, he should marry her. He was an unbending Protestant, and he found only one objection to taking Dora as his daughter-in-law,—she was a Catholic.

"No danger of her not renouncing Popery when I ask her to do so, dad," said Austin, after he had been courting Dora two months. "I need but say the word, and she will bid adieu to the superstitions of Romanism; will turn away from the Scarlet Woman."

His father was not displeased. To be sure, Austin might have married "better;" but then Dora Hunter would with more education, become a brilliant woman, and be worthy of the name Kemery. Besides, the thought of a proselyte!

Dora's parents were not averse to her marrying the mill owner's son.

"A mighty fine husband for you, Dot," said her mother. "All you must do is convert him; and he is so fond of you that I don't think you will find the task a difficult one."

And Dora said she would win him to her faith.

Now she was praying for assistance from above. The night before, Austin had gently hinted that it was time for Dora to renounce her religion. She frankly told him she would never, even under the pain of death, be guilty of such a sin. Austin had left her in anger, saying he would call on her at three the next afternoon.

Dora now arose from her knees; she had heard a step on the porch, a step which she well knew and for which she had grown to long. She admitted her lover. He was pale as she was, and there was determination in his face.

"Dora," he began, "you really cannot have meant what you said last night. I know that you did not. Perhaps I was too harsh, and angered you; but now you have had time to think, to reflect." He drew his chair nearer to hers. "Dora, I have come to ask you to marry me."

"I did mean what I said, Austin, and—"

"Nonsense! nonsense, Dora!"—with a black frown. "Only last night I asked my father if he would object to my marrying you as a Catholic. I never saw him so angry before."

" 'Austin,' he thundered, in a terrible voice, 'marry Dora Hunter if you will. She is a handsome girl, and not a stupid one; she is fairly well educated. Money will help to finish her education and will make her a shining light in society. Marry her, boy, I say; she is worthy of you—but not as a Catholic! I will have her for my daughter only on condition that she renounce Romanism.'

"He is a trifle bigoted, I know, dear; and he would cut me off without a cent, should I make you my wife as a Catholic. You would not care to marry a poor man?"

"Austin," her soft eyes met his, "I would live on a crust to see you a Catholic."

He lost patience.

"But I will never be one."

"Then we need not prolong this conversation; all is over between us."

Afterwards she wondered where she got the strength to say these words that meant so much to both.

"Dora, you are mad. Do you mean that you will not become my wife?"

"I had hoped, Austin, to bring you to the Light, to the Catholic Church, by becoming your wife."

"Then you do not love me, but only wished to convert me by taking my name."

"Austin," with reproach in her voice and eyes, "you know that I love you. It is because I love you that I hoped to convert you. I do love you, Austin."

"If you did, you would not allow religion to interfere in our marriage. After my father's death, you may become a Catholic again if you wish. Believe as you will, but outwardly be a Protestant until such time as my father is gone. I will never interfere with your belief; serve God as you choose. But I will never be a Catholic."

"He that shall deny Me before men, I will also deny him before My Father who is in heaven," she quoted with feeling. "Not even for you, Austin, will I leave the Catholic Church. I know that the Catholic Church is the pillar and the ground of truth; if I abandon my faith, I must give up my soul."

"You have never loved me, Dora, else you would make the sacrifice for me. I must say good-by. I shall not see you again; all is over between us, I suppose."

His words of farewell sounded far away.

He was trembling with rage and disappointment; she was sobbing with grief. Ah, it was a hard, hard struggle to give him up! to look forward to the long, long years of her life without the man she loved! Must she drive him from her! Must she tear the cup of happiness from her lips!

Austin took up his hat, and without a word more, left her. He glanced back as he walked down the little street. She stood at the open window. Her head was bent, her hands were clasped as in pain, and her slight frame was shaking with sobs.

"How stubborn she is!" he reflected. "Ah, well, a few weeks will bring her to her senses. By Jove, I admire her the more for her constancy. She is a woman worth winning. Why, a marriage with me would rescue her from her present life of drudgery; would give her the much-desired opportunity to perfect her education; would, in fine, make her a social star. Gad, she's a beauty, too; even now when she's only a bud; what will she be in a year or two hence! But leaving her beauty, her wit, her wonderful mind, out of the question, it's refreshing to meet such a woman,—purity incarnate. She's the only kind of woman that a man should marry,—one that will ennoble him."

And Dora, poor, unhappy Dora! She was tempted, once, twice, to call him back. She fell into a chair, and tossed her aching head to and fro. She could not give him up her heart said, could not make the sacrifice; it was too great. Did she care for the social position such a marriage would offer h.? Yes; of the women who would not, their name is by no means legion; but what was even social position in comparison with her great love? What was wealth without him?

Then came her first violent temptation.

"Why should you not become his wife?" said the tempter. "You are young, and you love each other. Why should you both be unhappy? You will not lose your soul by marrying him; you can pray, and who that prays will be lost? He is a man, and he loves you; woman, when she is loved has great influence over man; may you not convert him? What if you deny your faith for a time,—it will be but for a time,—and go through a non-Catholic marriage ceremony?"

With these and like thoughts was she tortured. The waves of temptation dashed about her soul and threatened to engulf it. Her love, her woman's nature, leagued themselves with the evil one against her, and she felt that the crisis had come, that she must needs yield. She arose from the chair, and turned to leave the room. Yes, she would do it; she would marry Austin Kemery; what a desert life would be without him! Just then she stopped. A flood of grace overwhelmed her soul.

(To be continued.)

Our forefathers had a difficulty in procuring books. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read. Bad books do a world of harm. There are books and books, and there are books, which as Charles Lamb said, are not books at all. There are books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the doubtful compliment said to have been made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

"Why should any one today want to fight for the word 'Protestant?' It reflects the controversial spirit of a bygone age. We have progressed beyond it."—Rev. Dr. William T. Manning (New York, April 20, 1913).

Bureau of Information

Questions are answered, as far as possible, in the order received; hence those who seek information through this Bureau must not become impatient if the answer to their queries does not appear for several weeks after we receive same.

The Church says that a marriage between two persons that are not baptized, is no marriage at all, and is void.

No, the Church does not hold that. She contends that it is no sacrament, but it is a valid marriage. The Church is concerned with marriage only when one party is a Catholic.

Are there any Orders where Sisters can go and take care of those poor people suffering with leprosy?

Yes. The Franciscan Sisters of Mary do that good Samaritan work. They have a house in Boston.

If I should give up my life to take care of these suffering ones, do you think God would be pleased with my sacrifice?

Indeed.

If we are once amongst these people, would we have to stay with them always?

If your superiors required it, yes.

Could you tell me how long you ought really study about going to the convent? Some say from two to three years, while others say six months' thought is sufficient. Which is correct?

There can be no general rule laid down. A strong inclination to the religious life, coupled with present piety is a sufficient sign.

Where or how can a person join the "League of the Sacred Heart," there being no branch in his parish? What is the address of the headquarters of the "League"?

Give your name to a promoter in any parish. The address of the general headquarters of the League is 'Apostleship of Prayer,' 801 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

Why can't a priest get married?

(1.) Because he does not want to; he solemnly vowed that he never would. This would prevent any marriage ceremony from being a valid marriage.

(2.) Celibacy is one of the requirements the Church exacts from her priests, and one which was accepted by the candidate for the priesthood of his own free-will.

(3.) The priest consecrates his whole self—body and soul, time and services to God. He does not want to divide the love of his heart between Christ and some creature; he wants no human ties to interfere with his work in the vineyard of the Lord; he wants to be free to attend cholera and small-pox patients, if they need his services. St. Paul (I Cor. VII, 32, 33) tells us that an unmarried person can do better work for God. The Apostles were not married with the exception of Peter, and he had "to leave all things" to follow Christ.

Does each Sister receive money or does it go to the Mother Superior? I have often heard that the Sisters have nothing they may call their own, that everything they have belongs to the community. Is it the same also in regard to the religious Orders of priests?

The Superior in charge of each school must have the use of sufficient money to take care of the necessary living expenses. The balance is sent to the Motherhouse, where it must meet many wants. Think of what it costs to provide clothing for all the Sisters and for shelter and educational work during vacation. The same applies also to the religious Orders of priests.

Can a Catholic be a good Catholic and at the same time a Socialist?

No.

In Germany Socialists and the Catholic Center Party go sometimes together.

Of course; not everything which Socialism stands for is opposed by the Catholic Church.

What is a Novitiate?

A department in a religious community, where candidates for the religious order are on probation.

What is the vocation of the Good Shepherd Nuns? I asked a Catholic about this; he replied that they take care of fallen girls. If this be true, they are noble, and worthy of everybody's esteem. How is it?

Yes, the Good Shepherd Sisters conduct reformatories, to which parents are free to send their wayward daughters. By the spiritual influence exercised over the girls a more thorough reformation is likely to follow than by the mere strict discipline of State Reformatories.

I am a Protestant, assisting every Sunday at Catholic services, because they are beautiful; because the priest satisfies by his sermon, heart and intellect. At the door I get the "Visitor," and on the other side of the street, the "Menace." I read both. Do you believe in a long life of the Menace? A Protestant friend said to me, "It is unfit for the toilet-room." I never heard a better judgment!

I am glad that "Our Sunday Visitor" more than counteracts the influence of your Menace reading, and that the Catholic Church and her services so appeal to you. I hope you are praying to be directed properly from on high. The Menace will live as long as it finds sufficient patronage to make it pay to calumniate others for a living.

Is there in America a school or Academy, or university, where Catholic young men may study the burning social question?

Yes; at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. A house will soon be opened in Chicago by the German Central Verein.

I am a young girl of seventeen. My parents, brothers, and sisters are opposed to me. I don't think they have any use for me. They have often told me to clear out. It has gotten so that I can't bear it any longer. Kindly inform me what I should do.

It would seem that there is something about your disposition or even your conduct, which is objectionable. We would advise you to aim at being a good, virtuous young lady, and to cultivate a cheerful and agreeable disposition. Prize a good name above everything else; pray, go to Church, and frequent the sacraments often. Get God interested in you.

I understand that, in common with the rest of the Roman Catholic Clergy, you claim that your Church was established by Christ. Here is a test of your claim:

A distinguishing mark of the Church established by Christ is that it teaches the observance of ALL of the commandments of God. Matt. XVIII, 19-20. I have two questions which relate to the observance of the laws of God.

(1) *Is it a material sin to help to make a law providing for the collection of customs taxes?*

No. In Matt. XVII, 23-26, Christ approves of custom taxes.

(2) *Is it a material sin to help to make a law providing for the taxation of land values to the extent of 100 cents on the dollar?*

Such drastic taxation would seem to be unjust, and we can scarcely conceive of an exigency which would demand it. The government exists for the people, not the people for the government. Of course, if you mean that the law will tax not one-third, or one-half the actual value of property, but the actual sale value, the amount to be paid by the assessed might not be higher, inasmuch as the rate of tax levy would be reduced by two-thirds or one-half.

The question is not whether the individual so doing commits a formal sin, but whether either of these methods of taxation is inherently unjust and contrary to the laws of God.

If you cannot obtain for me from your Church a definite authoritative answer to these two questions, it is evident that your Church does not teach the observance of ALL of the laws of God, and in consequence, it is not the Church established by Christ.

We fail to see how the divinity of a religion is based on its ability to decide questions of human government. The Church's sphere is spiritual, that of the State is temporal and material.

Should I not hear from you within forty days from date, exclusive of the time required for a letter in transit, I shall consider your silence equivalent to an admission that your Church is unable to meet this test, and that it is therefore not the Church which was established by Christ. As this is a question of public interest, I shall consider any reply you may make to be available for publication.

We placed your question among others in the order received, and answered it when its turn came. An immediate answer would have been as easy to furnish as this delayed one.

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Very cordially yours
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OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

Issued Weekly by the
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REV. JOHN F. NOLL, Editor.

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SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1913.

Apostolic Delegation, 1811 Biltmore St., Washington, D. C.
April 27, 1913.

The nature of your work tends to supply, in a popular and practical way, the religious needs of both the Catholics and non-Catholics.

With pleasure I congratulate you on this good work and express my hopes that your success will continue to increase.

With best wishes I am, sincerely yours in Xto,
✠ "JOHN BONZANO, Archbishop of Melitene,
"Apostolic Delegate."

Fort Wayne, Ind., March 29th, '12

Dear Rev. Father:

Your work of bringing home to our people the better knowledge of the teachings of the Church, and of informing non-Catholics of the claims of Holy Mother Church, is a truly apostolic work, worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To furnish a weekly paper, for an annual subscription of 50c, appears to me to be more than remarkable.

Wishing you God's abundant blessing on your work, I remain,
Devotedly yours in Domino,
✠ H. J. ALERDING, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind.

No subscriber whose label on paper reads "MAY 13" will receive next week's "Visitor" unless renewal of subscription be sent in.

From different parts of the country we have received inquiries recently concerning J. J. Crowley, ex-priest. He has taken to the lecture platform, and recently spoke at the dedication of an "Odd Fellows" building at Clarksburg, W. Va.

His announcements are always coupled with an offer of $10,000 to anyone who can prove that he was excommunicated. Of course, no Catholic pays sufficient attention to him to take the trouble to prove anything against him, whilst the proof would be easy to secure.

He was excommunicated by Archbishop Quigley soon after he showed himself insubordinate; but later Cardinal Martinelli, then papal delegate, removed the excommunication, because he agreed to leave Chicago and go to Nebraska, where he would behave himself. However, here, in disregard of his priestly vows, he married and **excommunicated himself.** After this the Church authorities simply ignored him.

Crowley has no $10,000 to offer. Less than two years ago he called on the Bishop of Rockford, Ill., and strove to get some money by a threat of blackmail. He said he was "hard-up," and wanted to be put on "easy street." He offered to destroy the manuscript of his new book, if $50,000 were paid to him. The bishop replied that he would not pay him five cents for all he could write against the Catholic Church.

Crowley is not sincere; he tells in his book that he could never be anything else but a Catholic, that he would never leave the Catholic Church.

Atlanta, Ga., May 19.—By an overwhelming vote of one hundred and thirty-five to forty-four the Southern Assembly of the Presbyterian church today voted to change the infant elect clause in the "confession of faith" to read that all infants are saved.

Comment: We wonder if our non-Catholic brethren realize what it means to change an essential point of a creed. It means an acknowledgment that the church has hitherto been wrong, or in other words, that it never was God's Church. And what assurance have the people that the change is in accord with the real fact? The real teaching of Christ cannot be changed by resolutions. —Editor.

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Short Talks on the Calendar ---Civil and Ecclesiastical

THE PRIESTHOOD.

The eloquent Pere Monsabre describes most beautifully the dignity of the priesthood of the Old Law. Listen to him:

"By the express desire and will of God, the tabernacle was built of gold, silver, onyx and precious stones. It was separated from the other tents by a vast court and contained two enclosures, the sanctuary and the Holy of Holies.

"The court contained the altars, where the sacred fire burned continually. The sanctuary contained the loaves of propitiation, symbolizing the twelve tribes of Israel—a perpetual holocaust to God. It contained, moreover, a golden candlestick, whose seven ever-burning branches pre-figured a spiritual illumination. There burned the incense emblematic of the ever-ascending prayers of the children of Jacob.

"In the Holy of Holies reposed the Ark of the Covenant, over which two cherubs, with outspread wings, supported the propitiary, the table of God, where Jehovah deigned to descend and dwell with His people to communicate His wishes.

"The tabernacle was most beautiful. Later on, when the Israelites stopped their wanderings, it grew into the greatest, most magnificent structure, the Temple of Jerusalem.

"But a priest must be in the temple who can render to God the things that belong to God, and who, 'taken from among men, can render these things to God,' God Himself. 'Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he is called by God.'

"Thus God separates one tribe from all the others. He excludes it from the common law; the members are supported by the other tribes. God selects His chosen ones. 'Take Aaron, thy brother, and his sons,' He commands Moses, 'set them apart from the rest of the children of Israel, that they may be My priests.'

"Thus the priesthood is established. God protects His chosen ones, and curses the hand of him who touches His elect. That one shall be punished as Core and Dathan and Abiron were punished.

"The priests were the guardians of the faith; they explained the doctrine and guarded the purity of its interpretation. They received the offerings from the people, interceded for them, immolated the victims, guarded the sacred fires and burned the hosts.

"They deprived themselves of all human consolations during the time of their ministry, for they belonged entirely to God.

"Only one of their number was privileged to enter the Holy of Holies, and that but once a year. He was the High Priest. He entered the sacred enclosure clothed in gorgeous vestments, ornamented with little golden bells which announced his coming, so that all might prostrate themselves before him.

"On his breast glittered the shield bearing the name of the twelve tribes of Israel and the words: 'Doctrine and Truth.' On his head he wore the diadem, the triple crown, and the sacred band on which was inscribed, 'Sanctum Domino.'

"Sprinkling himself with the blood of victims he enters the Holy of Holies. He is the father of all nations, his vestments typify the world. He prays for all, he offers their gifts to God, he burns the holocausts as a symbol of the utter worthlessness of the creature before the Creator."

Infinitely greater are the prerogatives, privileges and dignity of the new Priesthood instituted by that Most High Priest, Jesus Christ, the Savior of mankind. Like his Prototype, the *anointed* becomes the *"sacerdos,"* the giver of sacred things, the dispenser of God's mysteries, the mediator between the Creator and the creature. Like Jesus he preaches the Gospel to every creature, baptizes, forgives sin; like Him he offers up the "Great Sacrifice." The priest stifles natural inclinations, says farewell to worldly pleasures, leaves home with all that it implies and devotes his life to the service of God and the care of souls. In the words of St. Paul: "Forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth myself to those that are before, I press towards the mark, to the prize of the supernatural vocation of God in Jesus Christ." The life of the priest must be pure and like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. The Church watches him with a jealous eye and surrounds him with ennobling and soul-inspiring influences. He must live among men, yet not as one of them. Not for a day, not for a moment must he forget that he belongs to God, and if he falls his lapse is imputable merely to his own remissness and perversity. The Divine Office which every priest, deacon and sub-deacon must recite daily with *due reverence, attention* and *devotion,* takes up about an hour of his time. It binds him under pain of mortal sin and the obligation lasts as long as he lives, even though he should have the misfortune of leaving the Church.

Readers Speak to Readers

Memphis, Tenn., May 14, 1913.
Rev. John F. Noll,
Editor "Our Sunday Visitor,"
Huntington, Ind.

Rev. Father:

A kind friend (living in Chicago, Ill.) sent me three copies of your valuable paper and in looking over same was delighted to read communication from "W. B. B.," of California, and "C. O.," denouncing the present style of clothes worn by women.

For quite some time I have looked anxiously through the different Catholic publications for articles that might awaken a sense of shame (if it is not entirely dead) in our Catholic women.

Some two years ago I called on a former teacher who visited our city, and in the course of conversation she anxiously inquired if I had ever worn the "tight" skirts, and when my quick reply voiced my astonishment she promptly added that she hardly knew why she had asked such a question. I can see the dear gentle nun's earnest face now as she said, "surely if the 'Old Boy' ever cut a pattern it was that one."

Yes! yes! We may blame "PARIS," but I think we must go a great deal further down than even CHINA to find the proper place, and he has done his work well. Am afraid we will never know how well until that last great day when we stand to give an account of our deeds to the "Searcher of hearts and souls."

Have often said, "Oh! if we could only boast that our Catholic women never adopted such a sinful fashion, but when we see them presume to approach the Holy Table in a garb that should cause a blush of shame to mantle the cheek of "a painted creature of the street," commence to wonder if the end is not near.

Thanking you, dear Father, for publishing the two fine letters and hoping there will be good results in the near future—wishing your paper all the success it deserves—remain,

Gratefully yours,
M. E.

Lemont, Ill., April 23, 1913.
Editor "Sunday Visitor,"
Huntington, Ind.

Dear Sir:

I just received through the mail this morning, a copy of the "American Citizen," published at East Orange, New Jersey, by the American Citizen Co., and on glancing over this four-page pamphlet, I find it to be a filthy, demoralizing, slanderous and mendacious organ of some society or organization which has at heart only the vilification and annihilation (if such were possible) of the Catholic Church. Undoubtedly it is a handmaid of the Guardians of Liberty, or a half-sister to that other vile periodical known as the "Menace."

If such merits the name of the American Citizen and tries to mask its deadly nature and influence under the sacred name of our own beloved Columbia, then would I blush for very shame that our country ever had such a history and that its past was so linked with such heroes as George Washington and his noble band of followers in the War of the Revolution, Abraham Lincoln and the host of other champions who fought for right and liberty.

It is really a pity that in this boasted age of enlightenment and so-called religious tolerance and liberty, that the Catholic Church must bear the brunt of all malice and traduction which those outside her fold and inimical to her interests are continually throwing into her face.

It does seem odd and quite unintelligible that the enemies of our Church cannot see in this apparent quiescence and forbearance of ours a striking typification of Christ's meekness and patience when His adversaries heaped upon Him abuse and calumny. He said "His Church was built upon a rock and that the gates of hell would never be able to prevail against it." And is it not so? Has she not existed for nigh twenty centuries in her pristine state of undiminished strength and glory? Hence it is that these attacks upon her spotless character shall continue and her integrity and purity may be impugned, but her perseverance and undiminished lustre, yea, ever increasing strength will be an object of enviable admiration and applause.

Catholics are often asked why they do not resent these insidious attacks and insults on the part of the Church's adversaries? Why put up with such vile libel and calumny as are every day being circulated in periodicals which are supremely antagonistic to the Church and her doctrine? Well, perhaps this may to some appear strange and inexplicable, but the truth of it is, that the Catholic Church ever was, now is, and ever will be the reputed possessor of the only true religion the world knows, and hence the burden of proof does not rest on her shoulders: it is for her enemies to prove the truth of their assertions. And in this they fail miserably. How often do we read here and there of some puny organ of a feeble-minded and loathing sycophant of Satan lifting its voice in an attempt to impugn the Church, while the very weapon used is turned back upon its recalcitrant and overbearing demeanor.

However it is well from time to time to let them know that we will not sit idly by while their venomous darts reeking with the slime of prejudice and hatred fall upon those who crouching in ignorance of the truth might perhaps be weak enough to succumb without an effort of resistance.

A day of judgment and reckoning is yet to come, and then will the enemies of Christ's Church be judged by an all-just Judge and their pernicious and slanderous attacks be dealt with accordingly.

Respectfully yours,
D. L. O'SULLIVAN,
Principal, High School.

Dresden, Ohio, April 8, 1913.
Rev. and Dear Father:

The little Sunday journal, which may be truly called a "Multum in parvo," still continues to receive the complimentary remarks of all who scan its pages in this locality. Its visits are so highly appreciated that they felt it a lonely week when the flood enforced its absence from the town. If such is their appreciation we may feel justly assured that it is destined to exert a marvellous influence on its readers.

May its circulation grow more rapidly as time elapses. It deserves to be in every Catholic home in the land. It should be read with interest and profit to all.

With best wishes for your worthy undertaking.

FATHER D. J. DUANE.

Some of our readers might be interested in hearing something about Huntington, Indiana, the home of "Our Sunday Visitor."

Huntington, the county seat of Huntington County, is a beautiful little city of 15,000 inhabitants, and according to the reports of the State Board of Health, is the cleanest city in Indiana. Three railroads and interurban railway service connect it with all nearby cities and afford quick mail delivery to all parts of the United States.

Catholics out-number the members of any other denomination and support two large churches, which are not only of the finest in the Fort Wayne diocese, but are both out of debt. Each parish has a parochial free school, taught by the Sisters of Providence and the Sisters of Notre Dame.

The Erie railroad shops are located here. Other industries are: A Steel Mill, Furnace Factory, an Iron Foundry, a Novelty Works, Shoe Factory, Glove Factory, Rubber Works.

Moreover, the farm land in the vicinity of Huntington is of excellent quality. It is needless to state that "Our Sunday Visitor" has contributed more than any factor to make our little city's name known throughout the land.

The Church's Fight Against Bad Literature

(Continued from last week)

In order to get a full idea of the danger that lurks in bad literature, a few words about the Congregation of the Index are necessary. For the Church does not waste its energies on trifles, and an evil must be very real and widespread when she assigns so many valuable men to the task of fighting against it. The Congregation consists of three different grades: in the first are a number of Cardinals; in the second grade are the Consultors, selected from the secular and regular clergy; in the lowest grade are the "relatores,' or informers, who gather information for the Consultors to work upon. One of the Cardinals is Prefect of the Congregation, the Master of the Sacred Palace (a Dominican) is assistant Prefect. The Secretary is also a Dominican, and is selected by the Pope himself. If a "relator" gives two or three satisfactory proofs of his ability in his remarks upon books submitted to his criticism, a petition is presented to the Pope to have him enrolled among the Consultors.

The members of the Congregation meet in two different assemblies. The Consultors meet by themselves, and theirs is called the Preparatory Congregation. This preparatory assembly is held once a month at least, and oftener if necessary. The Master of the Sacred Palace always presides. The decision of this assembly is submitted to the higher Congregation of Cardinals. The decision of the Cardinals is submitted to the Pontiff by the secretary for approval.

Thus from the time of the Apostles up to the present, through the long course of nineteen hundred years, the Church has been actively engaged in the fight against evil literature. With each age it has increased its forces and perfected its organization in order to protect Catholics from this menace to their faith. Can earnest Catholics think lightly of an evil which the Church fears so much and against which she battles so strongly and constantly? Should not those who feel called upon to bestir themselves in behalf of their Holy Religion, and who fervently desire not only to preserve those who already belong to the one only Church of Christ, but also to bring others to the Truth, should not these take example from this great struggle of the Church, and make the fight against bad newspapers, novels and periodicals their own? If all Catholic parents could be made to understand the seriousness of the danger to which their children are exposed by being allowed full liberty to choose their own books and to read all the sloppy, slushy, immoral stories which literally teem from the press by the month we would be far on the way to stop the leakage from the Church of which there is now so much complaint. But this requires agitation; it requires concrete facts, published and brought to the notice of parents. A few questions put to the children who are brought daily before the Judges of our Juvenile Courts would undoubtedly supply many sad tales of the effects of such reading. Our reformatories, jails, penitentiaries, which house so many who should be Catholics, would afford many stories of the loss of faith which had its beginning in bad reading.

Jones in Conversation with His Pastor

(Continued from Page One.)

saints in this world were entitled to daily Communion. Possibly my conception of a saint is erroneous."

PASTOR:—"A saint is a person, who practices the virtues in an heroic way. But this does not exclude a possibility of committing sin; even he commits small sins."

JONES:—"That makes me think of the saying of the Scriptures: 'The just falls seven times a day.'"

PASTOR:—"Yes, but you must not omit what follows, namely: 'And rises again.' A saint calls himself a sinner, and thus speaks the truth. A sinner usually thinks himself to be a saint and thus deceives himself and others."

JONES:—"I must thank you, Father, for your encouragements. There must be many saints on earth, of whom no one knows. My wife must be a saint also. She always says that she is such a great sinner. But I know better. She is a very good woman."

PASTOR:—"Well, excuse me. I am glad to hear that you have such high regard and love for your wife. But it often happens that one calls himself a great sinner out of fear. Sometimes it is false humility, which makes people call themselves sinners. If someone else makes an adverse remark against them, then at once they enumerate their virtues and become angry."

JONES:—"I wished I had not made that remark about the holiness of my wife. But I know her to be a good and virtuous woman."

PASTOR:—"Well, never mind this. Go and tell your wife about our conversation and come back soon. I have still to say some of my office. Good-night."

(To be Continued.)

A recent critic of our public system observes:

"I believe the economic system and the educational system to be so closely interdependent that they may be classed as one, and that many of our present economic ills may be somewhat due to the wrong thing in education—to the emphasis which our education places on the thing done, when the emphasis should be placed upon the doer, on the all-around fine life of the one who strives. We are trying to develop children who will fit smoothly into the commercial world, rather than to develop children who, becoming fine men and women, will be capable of correcting such errors as they find in the commercial world when they shall reach maturity.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

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